

The RYERSON  
POETRY  
CHAP-BOOKS



Canadian  
Cadences

By  
John Murray Gibbon

JM & TM

*This is Chap-Book Number One Hundred and Thirty-seven.  
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**O**F THIS EDITION OF *CANADIAN CADENCES*, BY JOHN MURRAY GIBBON, THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES ONLY HAVE BEEN PRINTED.

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John Murray Gibbon, was born in Ceylon and educated in Aberdeen, Oxford and the University of Gottingen. In 1907 he undertook the supervision of European propaganda for the Canadian Pacific Railway, visiting Russia, Japan, Austria, Hungary and Scandinavia. In 1913 he came to Canada as General Publicity Agent, acting until his retirement in 1945. In the preparation of broadcasting programmes he explored thoroughly the history of music and won international recognition in that field. One of the founders and the first president of the Canadian Authors' Association, he has done much to promote the welfare of authors in Canada. His publications include novels as well as books dealing with folk-songs and ballads, fairy tales, poetry and history. In May, 1940, John Murray Gibbon was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters by the University of Montreal, and in 1949 he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Canada for his long and distinguished service to Canadian letters.

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# The Ryerson Poetry Chapbooks

## Canadian Cadences



### HOPE CAME TO CANADA

(*Air: "If I urge my kind desires," by Philip Rossiter, 1601)*

Up in the ether high  
 Above where troubles lie  
 Came Hope in robes of light  
 To dance along the night  
 With her enchanted crew  
 Of Dreams-That-Must-Come-True;  
 And far her flounces swept  
 The stars on which she stepp'd  
 To scatter here and there  
 Her largess on the air.

And when the Break-oDay  
 Put all the lamps away,  
 Her dainty little feet  
 Tripp'd down the city street,  
 And over prairie trails,  
 And in Acadian vales,  
 And through the forest deep  
 Where swift the rapids sweep,  
 And iris, pearl'd with dew,  
 Salutes the frail canoe.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL

(*Air: "O Filii et Filiae"*)

Over the hills and down the vale,  
Under the moon the ancient tale  
Sung by the faithless and the frail,  
"Hail and farewell."

Hail, as of old the slaves at bay  
Matched for a Roman holiday—  
"We who shall die to Caesar say,  
'Hail and Farewell!'"

Hail to the new-born night in June,  
Hail to the love-enraptured tune,  
Hail to the joy that fades so soon,  
Hail and farewell.

Idle the tear and vain the sigh,  
No one can halt the hours that fly,  
So we salute as passers-by—  
"Hail and Farewell!"

## AN EXILE FROM THE HEBRIDES

By lantern-light at the log-fire night thoughts are drifting in;  
I bow through the window-pane to the new moon,  
And turn a ring on my finger as I put a rune upon St. Michael,  
Shepherd of Sea-farers;  
For I would look again through eye-mist on the foam-flood of  
ocean,  
And taste again with tongue-tip the spray-tang of the combers,  
I would tune my ear-drums to surf-boom of winter-tide.  
May the strong Michael, high King of Angels, be preparing a  
path,  
So that my poverty-bare feet may tread again the milk-white  
sands of Iona!

## THE SNOWFLAKE

From the grey sky  
A little white snowflake  
Came floating, and I  
Laughingly sought to take  
This for a kiss. So near  
It came! But death  
Lay in that soft breath  
And touched my cheek with a tear.

## I SING WITH HEART AGLOW

(*Air: "In Dulci Jubilo"*)

In dulci jubilo!  
I sing with heart aglow.  
Love is my Redeemer  
And gave the joy I know,  
And made of me a dreamer  
Who saw, since long ago,  
Heaven is here below.

O love of every day!  
You warm for me the way,  
Noon and night combining;  
O let your sunlight stay  
Within my spirit shining;  
O keep me ever gay  
As the month of May!

O love of everything  
That in my dream is king!  
Fill me with your rapture  
And scent of flowers bring,  
That I in you may capture  
The happiness of Spring;  
Help my heart to sing!

## IN AN ORCHARD

Eve with her cool delicious hands unveils  
Her pageant and her fairy tournament,  
Where elfin riders tilt,  
Their banners fragrant with the scent  
Of appleblossom as they pass  
Along their airy trails,  
Or splash the moonlight spilt  
Over the treetops on the grass.  
Here to the fanfare of a humming bird  
They hold their masque and dance their minuets  
Upon a field with roses diaper'd,  
Roses and primroses and violets,  
Till in the last sweet hour  
Ere night has flown  
Their lovenotes loosely blown  
From flower to flower  
Linger in dreams.

## IN THE FOREST

(*Air: Tonus Peregrinus*)

Silence! Not a leaf astir!  
Only the moon to entrance the forest of spruce and fir.  
Cedar and tamarack are by the water set;  
They stain the sanctuary pools with brooding silhouette.  
So, with enchanter's art,  
The liquid silence cools the elemental heart.  
Over my spirit I feel the magic creep;  
The once impetuous thought is held in dreamless sleep.

## LOVE SONG FROM THE CARAVAN

Bring me rapture, heart of my heart,  
Philter'd rapture from your wine-red mouth,  
That I may sip tokay of honey'd kisses—  
Weave from your night-dark hair a net to ensnare me  
With strands wherein you too are taken,  
And hum so that I may hear  
Elfintones drawn from the horn of the young moon,  
Remember'd from one early April in our wandering,  
When the sap well'd in the branches  
And the oakglade trembled with Spring.

## SCENTED FOAM-BLOOM<sup>1</sup>

(*Air: Brahms' "An Ein Veilchen"*)

Scented foam-bloom afloat on apple-branches  
Floods my orchard at sun-down.  
Jaunty goldfinch chimes in early aubade;  
And purple lilac overarching  
Distils its cluster'd fragrance.  
O, the rapture that fills my heart!  
The rapture that fills my heart,  
That fills my heart!  
And wonder!  
Scented foam-bloom afloat in apple-branches  
Floods and mingles with lilac-scented ether  
Over orchard and garden,  
And my heart, my heart glows!

<sup>1</sup> From *Brahms and Schubert Songs Transplanted*.  
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## IDLE CLOUDS <sup>1</sup>

(*Air: Brahms' "Sapphische Ode"*)

Up and down and over the range of morning  
Wander idle clouds and their fugitive shadows;  
In my heart I know not a shadow, but sunshine,  
Sunshine in roses.

High and low, wherever a moon is gleaming,  
Songs of love are sung with a burden of sorrow;  
In my heart I know not a sorrow, but tear-drops,  
Tears of emotion.

## IN THE CELESTIAL KITCHEN <sup>2</sup>

(*Air: Brahms' "Die Mainacht"*)

Pale hands stretch through the sky  
Out of the fading East,  
Lifting you, dewy Moon,  
Over a bank of cloud,  
While on tremulous wings  
Light falls tenderly through the dusk.  
You are lifted on high  
Into the rack of heaven  
Up in wandering winds,  
Drying winds of the nightfall,  
Blowing vapour and film away.  
Thus some wonderful Maid  
Washed you with evening mist.  
In her pantry she keeps  
Food for the hungry stars,  
Food for heavenly banquets,  
Served in splendour, splendour on plates of gold.

<sup>1</sup> and <sup>2</sup> From *Brahms and Schubert Songs Transplanted*.  
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## PIONEERS<sup>1</sup>

(*Air: "Danish Wedding Song," by C. E. F. Weyse*)

In cover'd wagon we crossed the line  
To look for where we could live contented,  
And saw the sun of Alberta shine  
On loam that never a plough had dented.  
"My dear," said Mary,  
"Though crops may vary,  
Give me the prairie  
For ranche or dairy;  
Why further roam  
To find our home?"

From cover'd wagon we heard the call  
Of untilled acres around us lying,  
And felt the rain of Alberta fall  
From cloud that came to Alberta flying.  
"My dear," said Mary,  
"There's no good fairy  
Like rain on prairie  
For ranche or dairy;  
Why further roam  
To find our home?"

From cover'd wagon we settled down  
On homestead waiting and freely granted,  
And found our market in railway town  
For cream or cattle or crop we planted.  
"My dear," said Mary,  
"My heart's so airy;  
No ranche or dairy  
On all the prairie  
Is more like home—  
No more we'll roam."

<sup>1</sup> From *Northland Songs*, No. 2.  
[Copyright U.S.A., 1938, by Gordon V. Thompson]

## I KNOW OF A CHAMBER

(*Air: "Irish Nurse Song"*)

I know of a chamber within a palace,  
And there a young queen would rock for solace  
The cradle of her little Prince—  
Soon after his birth and ever since—  
There now was more  
Money in store  
Than ever before,  
But it gave no pleasure—  
So she her gold  
From her had rolled  
As comfort cold  
And idle treasure.

Beside her a handmaid would sit there spinning,  
While out of the flax she was new thread winning,  
And to the rocking made a song,  
Contented as the day was long,  
A song one heard  
Just as of bird,

So that it stirred  
Thoughts of jolly springtime,  
When lad and lass  
Count on the grass  
Minutes that pass  
In ging-a-ring time

## ROUND WHERE THE MOON IS SLIDING<sup>1</sup>

(*Air: Schubert's "Moment Musical—All' Ungharese"*)

Round where the moon is sliding,  
Come where the stars are riding,  
Riding in and riding out  
Where the moon is gliding.

Down, down, down upon the fountain  
Moon in ebon shining,  
Round, round, twinkling on the rim,  
Starry chains are twining.

<sup>1</sup> From *Magic of Melody*. [J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., Toronto, 1933]

Twine, twine, twine on the rim as they swim,  
Twine, twine on the rim all a-swimming,  
Twinkling stars with the lanterns they are bringing.

Round where the moon is glancing,  
Come where the stars are dancing,  
Dancing in and dancing out,  
Round the moon are prancing.

So in my heart are swimming,  
And so in my heart are dancing,  
So in my heart are swimming,  
And so in my heart the thoughts of the love  
I bear for my dear are dancing.

Down in my heart are swaying,  
Down in my heart are playing,  
Down in my heart are swaying.  
Down in my heart are playing, playing, play.

## MARCH

Our gentle alchemist, the sun  
Dissolves each snowfield to a silvery lagoon.

Sweet-running maple sap!  
You sing of frosty night and balmy day,  
And sweet is the wind  
That brings the robin to our North  
To chug-chug with his mate  
Over a new home in bare branches.

So our hearts too  
Must dare a new adventure.

## JULY

(*Air: Seventh Gregorian Tone*)

I will to the mountains  
Along cool trails amid the glaciers  
And Alpine meadows framed with larch  
And the red Indian Paint Brush.

I will to the mountains  
And to the lakes of melted jade  
Where the dark forest  
Broods in stained reflection  
Under crystalline skies.

There overhead  
Steep jagged cliffs  
Rear their defiant shields,  
Aeons of snow,  
Against the shafts of July suns.

## AUGUST

Now the great trajectory  
Of blazing glory  
Is shot by the sun  
From the low horizon  
Across the August blue,  
Spraying the leagues of wheat  
With golden hue  
And shimmer of heat,  
Until into the dark trenches  
Of night it plunges.

## OCTOBER

Falling, falling leaves!  
And indoors  
Cellars sweet-smelling with apples,  
Fair hands busy with canning and stores for the winter.

Morning in frosty apron,  
Noon in a bonnet of blue,  
Night with a cool dark cloak overtaking the day.

Once in a while a sky a-swirl with rain  
And winds in wild cavalcades,  
But always,  
On the greensward,  
Falling, falling leaves!

## DECEMBER

There is a window in a quiet room  
Over an orchard now of apples bare,  
Though in September no more sweet perfume  
Filled any wind with a more fragrant air.

And in that silence through the window-bars,  
Through the deep azure that pervades the sky  
Prick'd only by innumerable stars  
I see a world of phantom passers-by.

I see the fairies of a winter's night  
Float from the tree-tops to the path below  
And pattern laces with the clear moonlight  
And shadows of the branches on the snow.

Was that a sleigh-bell or a magic note  
Played in a dream to hearts that understand?  
Surely I hear there with the dancers float  
The clash of cymbals in an elfin band.

## SONG OF EXILE

(*Air: Chopin's "Prelude in F Sharp Major"*)

Here where none know me,  
Footsore and faint I wander,  
And still have found no welcome—  
Here where none know me,  
Exile in a far-away land where I am friendless  
With no one to guide me, I wander  
Thinking of you alone  
Through the long-drawn night.  
High overhead is the moon,  
Pale and serene as my love, my fair one.  
I could fancy this her own self,  
Bringing me cheer from the land that still holds my heart—  
So let me linger awhile unseen in the wonder of night  
With you alone—comrade in dream.

## LANGUOR OF EVENING

(*Air: Chopin's "Etude in C Sharp Minor"*)

When in the languor of evening  
The leaves of the forest are silver'd with moonlight,  
Then through the tears of those who remember  
Steals a vision, trembling,  
Vision ecstatic,  
As I with burning lips,  
Ardent with longing, swoon upon your breast.  
So in the heart of a bird  
Are the songs of all the days that have burnt themselves out.  
Veil'd now the radiant moon,  
  
Overcast, darken'd—  
Not a star!  
Ah!  
Now is the chant of the mourners,  
The dirge of the desolate, lonely ones calling—  
Now is the tolling for maids who are shrouded  
And can answer,  
Even in farewell,  
“Ah! never, never, nevermore,  
Ah! never, never, nevermore—  
No more!”

## IN MY CABIN

(*Air: Finnish Folk Tune*)

The honk of the wild geese southward bound,  
In phalanx cleaving the azure sky,  
And maple in scarlet splendour gowned  
Proclaim to all that the snow is nigh.  
Here in my cabin all is gay,  
Shortening days with laughter fly;  
Soon it will be my wedding day,  
Winter may come, but what care I?

The horn of the moon is rising cold,  
And ice creeps over the night-black lake;  
The firs in the dark green forest hold  
A silence only the wolf may break.  
Yet in my cabin all is gay,  
Warm is the stove, and hearts are high.  
Yesterday was our wedding day,  
Winter may come, but what care I?

## DAWN FILLS A PAINTBRUSH

(*Air: Gaelic Folk Tune*)

Now Dawn fills a paintbrush with madder of roses  
And spills on the mountain her delicate stain,  
And silvers the rim that the lakelet encloses,  
Enamell'd with green from a melting moraine.  
From covert an elk comes to find there reflected  
In mirror of water his strange parallel.  
The birds in their nests all around are infected  
And sing in their wonder, enchained in the spell.

With wind in his wake comes the sun along sailing,  
And winnows the colour to North and to South.  
Anemone, bluebell and twinflower are hailing  
The bee and the butterfly, honey in mouth.  
There up in the meadow of lupin and heather  
The feathery larch may be found in a glade;  
So over the trail let us saunter together,  
Entranced in the magic of sunlight and shade.

## DOWN IN THE COULEE

(*Air: "Astri, mi Astri"*—Norwegian)

Down in the coulée all under a willow,  
Hid in the gloaming that gathers so still,  
Dreamily lying with prairie for pillow,  
Clear I hear calling a lone whippoorwill—  
Bring me a rose from the garden at home,  
Apples from orchard and grape from the vine;  
Bring me the paths that again I may roam,  
Soft underfoot, on the needles of pine.

Down in the coulée the grasses are growing  
Green in the sun till the harvest brings gold;  
Tansy and yarrow and milkweed are blowing,  
Late purple asters their honey uphold.  
Bring me bouquet that the antelope knew,  
Scent from the bloom where no plough can prevail,  
Wild hyacinth with its bellcap of blue,  
Goldenrod swaying by buffalo trail.

## BACK HOME IN THE MOONLIGHT

(*Air from fourth movement of Brahms' "First Symphony"*)

Back home in the moonlight  
Through quiet glade I come,  
My mind on a tune-path,  
An old song ever humming.  
No longer a ranger,  
And a stranger,  
But from my old room,  
With good friends surrounding  
And home music sounding,  
Bid farewell to roaming.

## INDIAN LULLABY

(*Air*—"The Little Sandman"—German Folksong)

The cool of eve is falling  
On moonlight through the vale.  
The whippoorwill is calling  
Along the woodland trail.  
But warm in fur, with painted hood  
On carven cradle bound,  
Rockaby! you shall lie,  
My baby, safe and sound.

From river everflowing  
We lift our light canoe.  
In teepee embers glowing  
Bring dreams from Manitou.  
Though branching pine athwart the stars  
May darken camping ground,  
Rockaby! you shall lie,  
My baby, safe and sound.

## OVER THE OCEAN

(*Air*—Czech Folksong)

Over the ocean my memories fly  
Back to the land where my old comrades lie;  
Death brought them down to ground;  
Wounded, escape I found,  
Driven by poverty  
Exile to roam.  
Yet in an urn I hold  
Treasure worth more than gold,  
Soil from the farm where I once had a home.

Wide as the ocean the prairie I see,  
Ripen'd for harvest that ripens for me.  
Tall is the timber here  
Waiting for axe to clear;  
New homes are making from East to the West.  
Here a new thought I hold  
Wisdom worth more than gold,  
Where there is work to do, life is the best.

## DANCE OF THE MAPLE LEAVES

Sung at the crowning of Bliss Carman as  
Poet Laureate of Canada, March, 1921, by the  
Canadian Authors' Association at Montreal  
(*Air* by Harold Eustace Key)

We are the leaves that run,  
Red, so red, and ablaze  
With the burning of the sun  
So many summer days.

We are the leaves unknown  
Save to the things that fly,  
And now, loose and wind-blown,  
Flame up before we die.

But ere we drift beneath  
The silence of the snow,  
We twine for you a wreath  
Of glory as we go.

You led the caravan  
Of poets on Grand Pré,  
And taught the Pipes of Pan  
In Canada to play.

In Fundy's tides you sought  
The Children of the Sea,  
And April Airs you caught  
Under the Maple Tree.

Now at this Mountain Gate  
Your Autumn Song we hear,  
And crown you laureate,  
Sweet-singing pioneer.

# The Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books

Lorne Pierce—Editor

Number

1. THE SWEET O' THE YEAR\* [1925]
70. THE THOUSAND ISLANDS
81. REWARD AND OTHER POEMS
89. CALLING ADVENTURERS!
92. THE ARTISAN
93. EBB TIDE
97. SEEDTIME AND HARVEST
100. SALT MARSH
106. SONNETS FOR YOUTH
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111. SEA-WOMAN AND OTHER POEMS
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120. V-E DAY
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117. MERRY-GO-ROUND
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